



ROCK ON

JUNE 11





## VARIETIES OF COMMUNAL EXPERIENCE

Grant the primary assumption: for man, the source of God lies in Man. One may then become a mystic, seeking God by a process akin to introspection, attaining unity through isolation. If this is your way, beautiful; but introspection can easily slip into a masturbatory circle, and finally trap you into an endless game of analyzing your own thought processes. However, the approach to self does not begin and end with introspection; a way---not really opposed to mysticism, and so not really an alternative---is to meet your self, to find God, through a personal relationship with other men

BUBER referred to this sort of meeting as an I/THOU relationship; he held that there was no factory so depersonalizing that it could not be humanized if a smile were to pass from worker to worker. But workers in factories do not pass smiles around the plant---at least not in America (USSR, or modern urban Chile).

For the past fifty or hundred years, however, something called the "gang system," has been operating in plants in Coventry England. In various shops and factories---ranging from small, highly specialized concerns consisting of a few men working on one unit, to the huge Standard plant which employs 3000 people in producing Triumph machinery & tractors---a "gang" of men will contract with the company owners to work, and then will run the entire plant themselves. Instead of the union having a representative in the shop, the management has a steward to represent the owners.

Tedious jobs are rotated, and men are trained in a variety of jobs, so that no one falls prey to machinebrain, and all workers try out any new techniques which they may discover: if they work, the techniques are adopted by the entire plant. The gangs have earned right to refer to themselves as "brotherhoods" in a way that the ordinary trade unions do not.

When an employee in one of these factories recently misread a plan, causing fifty units---an entire week's work---to be ruined, the gang had a meeting, took the managerial representative out to a pub, and fifty men each volunteered to make one unit apiece to replace the units which had to be scrapped. The owners would have convulsed had they found out, but they never did.

The gang system has its roots in the English trade guilds, which were in operation centuries ago. Long before the arrival of the assembly line, the gangs produced everything from ribbons and watches to bicycles.

Every so often, clever young managers decide to change the gang system to a conventionally run plant, and every so often the same managers discover that the gangs are not only efficient (the managers frequently end up bragging about the system as if they had invented it themselves), but---far more important---the gangs have a creative relationship to their jobs, and absolutely refuse to be processed into what they call an "American" production machine.

In the words of WORKERS CONTROL, a British anarchical pamphlet describing the operation of the gangs (buy it at the ID), "Incentives are three: to get as high a rate of pay as possible (depending on output), having achieved a certain stability in this, there is a general urge to speed up production gradually so that hours of work can be reduced. The final aim (continuously successful process) is to make the job itself, and the surroundings, as good as possible." (underlining ours)

The gangs in Coventry are, within the framework of their jobs, dealing with each other as men rather than as units. In America---and over most of England, and, I assume, most everywhere else---we have a plastic economy, and there are no functioning industrial gangs. However, as a prelude to an attempt to humanize the system in America, there are the BE-INS.

The BE-IN is an extension rather than an invention; "Where two or three are gathered together..." around a record player and a candle, or an lowan card table, there is a prototypical be-in. A BE-IN simply consists of a group of people coming together and trying to reach out to each other a little more than usual.

My first be-in-by-that-name was in San Francisco. I don't remember where or when exactly (be-ins never really begin or end, and tend to fade into each other in a mist of music, incense, bodies, encounters and oddbrain), but there were a group of Hell's Angels, curious onlookers, old Quakers all mixed in with the usual H-A scene. The Angels milled around in a small group, staying somewhat aloof, at first, but later talking to a bunch of bike loving hippies in earrings, beards and leather---you can't tell the hoods from the pacifists without a label---admiring turquoise star Harley tanks & exchanging stoned midnight runs up Mount Temalpais. Big Brother (or somebody) Played and a jolly time was had by all.

SOMETIME LATER, after having moved to Seattle, I attended an impromptu be-in consisting of about thirty high school kids who assembled together in a park to celebrate the existence of a park containing about thirty high school kids. It was right.

There's a small chick with braces and curly hair who shakes my hand every time she sees me pushing papers on the ave, and sort of forms a one person walking potential be-in with a three inch steel smile.

The formal-informal be-ins began, as I said, as an attempt to counteract plastic culture, but the plastic culture exists by the exploitation of dreams, and as soon as the be-ins began to happen, the plastic manufacturers came running.

According to an information sheet which was sent to us by a record company (for a record called, incredibly enough, "Love is alive and well"), it is a solid fact that

"Many successful love-ins have been staged by promotion minded Top-Forty radio stations." And further, the cat who made the record (as well as "Nutrocker" and various other rock quickies) is "...a leading figure in the flower-love movement." The record "...package is backed with an extensive campaign which includes a five minute film of an actual West Coast love-in; a kit explaining the philosophies of the flower-love generation and instructions on how to stage a love-in..." (Note: any similar bits of psychedollaria that readers may find should be sent in to be printed under a "SIC" column.) Enter TRIPS/LANSING, smiling gleefully.

The same week that we received the plastic dope record, we also were sent two tickets to the Trips/Festival. (One of these days, people are going to stop sending us their fellow-teenie-bopper-shucker samples.) If the scene is good and the money is kept backstage, even shuck gatherings can be groovy, but the festival was pretty much summarized by the air which filtered around the room; it seems that someone threw up in the ventilation system. The man onstage kept saying that it was a stink bomb, but ZIP KNOWS. I arrived late - missed the FERN and the CYRCUS - and when I got there the EMERGENCY EXIT was on. They're far from a good group, but they're the best I heard all evening. (the NATURAL GAS played a short gig at the very end, but I had to leave before they came on; someone said that they were nice.) After the exit did, the GOOD TIMES came on to make a couple of hype pot jokes, and sloppy chords...and then NOTHING! For an hour and a half, the stage was occupied by a bunch of acrobats, and a succession of worried looking PAT O'DAY PROMOTERS --- (who were booed). They kept assuring us that the BYRDS were hung up on the freeway, and would be there in a minute. The BYRDS finally arrived, and played a bad set in a foul atmosphere,---literally and figuratively---reciprocating the audience's attitude with a vengeance.

Neither they nor any of the other groups that I heard received any but perfunctory applause (the AIRPLANE just played one set---in the early afternoon---so I and a lot of other people missed them) and the high point of the whole sad evening was when one of the worriers, out of hip things to say, mentioned that the FISH would be in town next week. There were cheers! A lot of people have actually heard of COUNTRY JOE AND HIS UN-MAYA STONE INCREDIBLE FISH! (The paper is helping sponsor the FISH, their manager is a sort of office totem, and its our goddamn paper, we can do what we want. Dig the centerfold which represents .... oh, any number of things, some of which might actually happen near the U District this coming .....GENTLE THURSDAY. a symbolic castration of the SPACE NEEDLE, a planned FLOWER-RIOT and, to show that we are not rejecting the AMERICAN WAY, self-flagellation and communal flailing with flowers. (Incidentally, neither Helix nor promoters will take a profit from the Eagles shows...in case you're wondering about commercial be-ins.) There is also, maybe, going to be an invasion from portage bay up through the district in some unknown direction --- those interested will be notified by Rumor.

AND SPEAKING OF...the Helix is a sort of running be-in: during the last days before publication (when people are going 48 to 72 hours without sleep), the entire office turns into a single erratic organism. People go through changes, exchange ideas, get up tight, hear Kweskin for the 97th time and watch the door swing open and shut as the latest news about a God-sighting or police brutality comes in. It's a strained scene, with a lot of layers of mask rubbed off and an intense feeling of Yellow-Submarine-In-Unknown-Water-sdom.

AND GOD, BEING A GIRL WITH BRACES WHO SHAKES YOUR

HOLDS AUDIENCE IN A DIFFERENTIAL SHOP WITH MUSIC

OF SOME KIND

John cunnick



---Scene is placed in Posiden's hall where a mermaid is on trial---

MERMAID: No, no! I'm not married to the man. I'm married to the grouper; the fish was the cuckhold, not the fisherman.  
POSIDEN: I don't see why in the world we should continue the trial then. I'm not a fish.  
GROUPE: No, but you're not a man either. And I am a loyal subject, while the one who lay with my wife can neither swim well nor breathe under water.  
POSIDEN: Why then let's find him guilty and call up a storm and sink his vessel. I'm getting tired of this silly trial! Damn sick silly thing. I don't understand it anyway. (At the end of his speech his voice rises hysterically and bubbles run from the end of his trident in comic lese majesty.)  
MERMAID: But you can't blame me for wanting more than a fish can give me. Even you don't sleep with fish!  
POSIDEN: I don't see why in the world we should continue the trial then. I don't sleep with fish!

---The entire scene glazes and, with a rippling outline, goes from transparent to translucent, fading to COMMERCIAL

COMMERCIAL: Crippled girl fumbles with dish cloth and her elbow knocks a glass off the drainer to the floor where it breaks with a musical note.

GLASS: Point.  
GIRL: (jealously) Mother, your hands are so...  
MOTHER: I wish you hadn't mentioned them. That was the one hundredth time and probably now my wrists will fall and my fingers will adhere to each other like yours and nobody will be left to wash.

---Both look aghast as Something happens to mother's hands---

GIRL: Gosh mother, I'm sorry... (Girl never finishes this sentence, or any other; due not so much to lack of verbal ability as to the fact that she can only talk about things with which she is familiar, and her surroundings are Peculiar.)

---Back to the underwater scene which now contains nothing but waving sea plants & salt water.

A slick, grey sponge lies against a pink coral and wriggles surreptitiously while the whole thing seems to flow with the moving water. A voice singing like a human being with a lung full of water is heard:---

VOICE: All the parties are guilty. The grouper for not being able to satisfy his woman will be caught by the fisherman who will have his boat upended for poaching in a hatchery, and the mermaid will be dried and salted in a can with oil for adultery. Posiden has spoken and spoken, but he cannot make up his mind and the sea, which defines all occurrences since water is, now decrees all to be guilty. Faced with the rules of the water, his posturing is entirely named by the saline framework. His decision exists only for him and if he wants to argue he will have to invent an opponent.

---The voice trails off to the roar of the waves; a mermaid is heard singing.---

"I don't really like white salt,  
& I don't like olive oil.  
I don't really like white salt;  
this whole thing is unfair."

---Harmonicas take up the refrain & the scene is shifted back to COMMERCIAL.---

COMMERCIAL: Both women have their hands in muffs and are wearing harmonica holders. The music continues and the cheeks of the women agitate violently as if they are playing. (Note: if the actresses really can play the harmonica, this would be a nice place for them to do so; otherwise a tape can be used, or a musician obtained and filled with dope before the performance.)

MOTHER: Thank God for TV Dinners; without them we would have dirty dishes all over the house.  
GIRL: Yes, and for home delivery pizza, but do you like TV Dinners and home delivery pizza...? I mean every night we...  
MOTHER: No, of course not! If one your boyfriends who used to hang around here all the time before would come by we could have him open the can of mermaid and tie forks to our stumps.  
GIRL: But we would then have to take off our muffs which... Besides, and think of the symbol's...  
MOTHER: Two hungry cripples who can hardly get our hands out of our muffs, and hungry and stuck with pizza and TV Dinners and these horrible anonymous harmonicas and all you can think about are the symbol's! Really, I do think that you could look at all this with a little more Realistic sense of Proportion.  
GIRL: I try mother, truly I do; but a sense of proportion makes the whole thing seem so hard to enjoy and unreal---flowers have no sense of proportion or harmonicas and...

---This continues as the actors who were hired for the commercial discover that they do not understand the point and decide that it must be ART, refusing to pollute it with the sponsor's name. The camera man, who have a little more realistic sense of proportion, do not dare to cut off the commercial until the fax is mentioned. The laugh track is readied to remind the actresses Where They Are.---

LAUGH TRACK: hahahaha%o.  
WOMAN and GIRL (in unison) SHOE WAX!

---Back to the ocean where the fisherman in a diving bell is speaking with Posiden and the grouper and the mermaid.---

POSIDEN: As I was Saying...  
MAN: I can't possibly hear you through this diving bell.  
POSIDEN (to the mermaid): I know he just said something because I saw his lips move, but I can't hear anything. It would seem to be because of the diving bell.

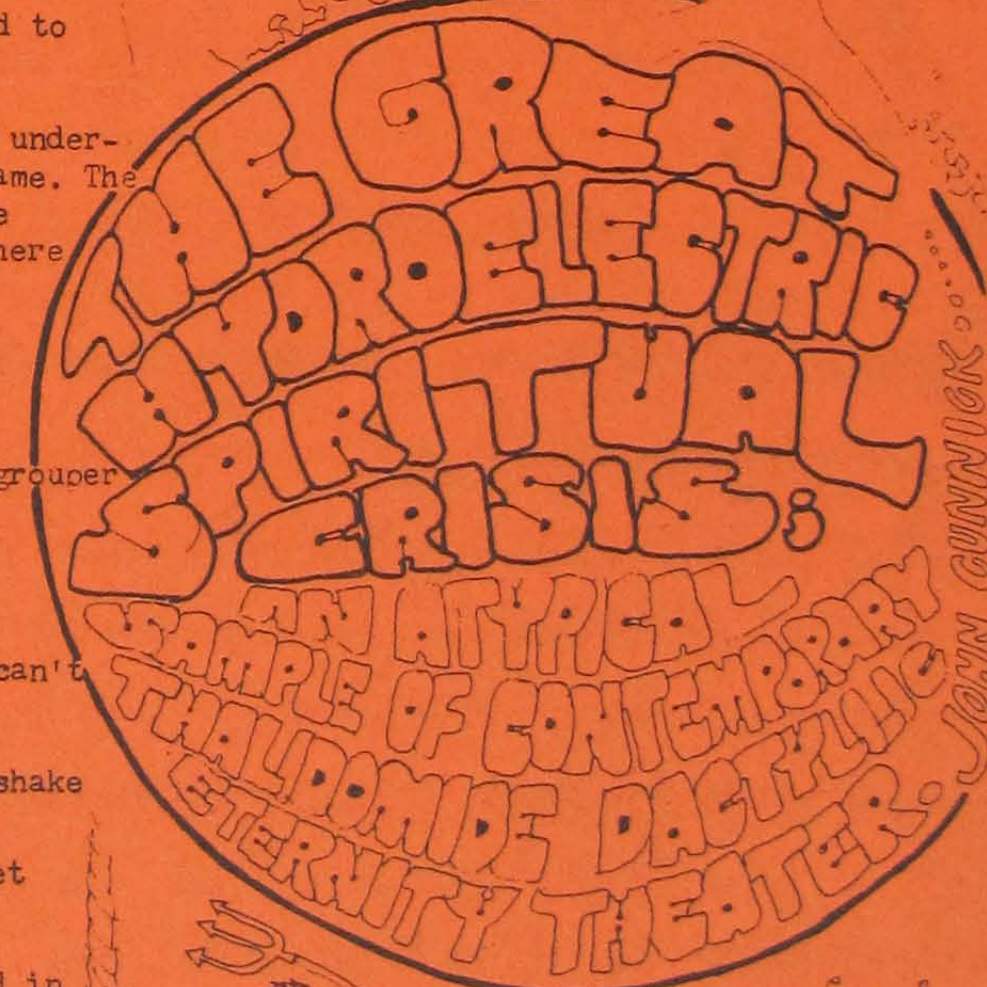
---The god pulls off the diving bell as the man drowns and the grouper swims off trying to shake a blood red banana from his ear.---

MERMAID: Not that way you scaly idiot! Use a string and a tin can next time so he doesn't get dead like that. I think I loved him!

---The water seems to jell & the fish & god & mythological creatures & man are all suspended in gooeey stuff which permits all but the man to move about 2 1/4 inches in either direction which all but the man proceed to do until they get frustrated and cease their struggles. The man remains dead.---  
The COMMERCIAL returns, but the woman and her daughter are nowhere to be seen. The pizza & TV dinner trays gradually fold into a collage; only the mermaid can be clearly seen. It is empty. A voice is heard from the can:

"I don't really like white salt;  
& I don't like olive oil.  
I don't really like white salt;  
This whole thing is unfair."

Harmonicas are joined by contrapuntal bassoon.





FORT LEWIS MARCHES ON. A special car is dispatched from Ft. Lewis. Mission: discover the Communist plot behind psychedelic newspapers. The CID photostats copies of the HELIX which are sent down to all battalion and company headquarters, and some of them must really be, with orders to detain anyone found selling or distributing such papers. They are subversive. This is the new charge to be levied against hip and anti-war soldiers. A Coast Guardsman at Pier 91 is beaten up and shorn by his mates. They get a court-martial, he gets a discharge. But the U.S. Army thinks these men are subversives. Be-Ins on the lawn of the enlisted men's clubs. These guys are certainly now cowards.

Soldiers refuse to talk after first reprisals but come back again to say that their influence is gaining. The 6th Army Inspector General investigation finds nothing wrong. Men are afraid to move for fear that they too will end up in the stockade and some sections of the base are a haze of marijuana smoke.

A Sargent tearfully shoots an escaping head, just out of Madigan Hospital and bound for the stockade, in the back at twenty feet. He remains in critical condition, although the press reports satisfactory progress. The bullet is not removed. More news only when more men are free to come to the "U" District, off-limits, again. These are brave men and they are sick of the Army.

THE FLAG: continued from right.

He blew the prosecution's mind. The prosecution gives up. The judge takes over... the interrogation. They struggle to erect a paltry defense against the "Anarchist." They come up looking so absurd. What a pity... a real pity. Naturally Floyd will appeal.)-- the plethora of absurdities connected with this whole farce are so numerous that we wish to collect them all in due time before listing them. Next issue perhaps...

The witnesses for the prosecution consisted principally of a man who watched the flag-burning from a block away with binoculars, and two policemen who testified that Floyd had admitted to them days later that he had been the one who had done the burning. Floyd denies this. The Citizen with the far-off specs prefaced his witnessing with a Christian testimony. Stan Iverson, who took the stand for the defense, and admitted to the burning, was admitted by the Judge to be an anarchist. On these grounds his testimony was disregarded. For it is common knowledge according to Judge Manolides, that anarchists cannot tell right from wrong and so cannot be trusted. Floyd is a Dukhobor and likes to demonstrate. Manolides is a judge: the same one who found the ID--its owner and one helper--guilty of selling prurient literature on the testimony of an "Art Critic" who, we remember and have learned, described the Kama Sutra as a "despised and obscene sect."

The incredible flashing absurdity of this entire case is, in fact, exhausting. NOTA: not one person actually there on the night of the burning--and there were many--could testify that Floyd had anything to do with it. The "Anarchist" Iverson admitted that he had had something to do with it--he did it--but "he cannot be trusted." (What does the prosecution do with a surprise witness like that? He blew the prosecution's mind. CONT.

in triangle to left

Not too long ago Sen. Dirksen let the world know that "our boys are over there fighting on the frontiers of freedom." I would suggest that they needn't venture quite that far. In fact it is in our own military establishment, that some of the most blatant abridgements of freedom can be found.

The case of the Fort Hood Three is well-known by now as they serve terms of 5, 5, and 3 years at Leavenworth. The offense, disobeying orders, was based on their refusal to go to Vietnam because of personal beliefs against war. Now many will cry that personal beliefs are not sufficient grounds to disobey orders. Fortunately the military has provided some more recent evidence to really clarify their position.

One Pfc Howard Petrich, also from Fort Hood, has been expressing his socialistic and anti-war views. He also has been expressing concern over the above case and distributing literature concerning his ideas to interested parties. The Army was aware of his views and affiliations with socialist organizations before he was inducted.

On March 20th Petrich was given a pass for ten days of leave. When he returned to Fort Hood he found that his locker had been searched and his literature removed. He also learned that fellow GIs had been questioned about him and some of their lockers searched. That evening he was called in by Military Intelligence and asked to answer under oath a series of 70 questions regarding his political beliefs and associations, his possession of anti-war material, and statements he had made while in the Army. He was then advised of his right to counsel, which he requested.

An army lawyer was assigned and immediately told Petrich there

DEAR LOTUS BLOSSOM SST 767 PsYc 2A

Dear Lotus Blossom:

As my husband is a musician, I am frequently called upon to clean large quantities of grass; I have recently discovered a way of keeping seeds and stems from scattering all over the rugs and cracks around the room, which I would like to pass along.

I simply cover the top of a flour sifter with aluminium foil, and sift over a piece of waxed paper in the bathtub. After the clean grass is wrapped up the seeds can be easily gathered, the waxed paper can be rinsed off, any residue which remains can be washed down the drain. Lotus, you have no idea how nice it is to know that on ten minutes' warning, I can have the whole house clean enough so that I can, with pride, entertain any guests who may come bursting through the door.

Dear Lotus Blossom: "Feed Your Head!"

In preparation for your next Mad Tea-Party, a recipe from the Lewis Carroll Cookbook is recommended to "remember what the Doormouse said!" said Alice acidly, "is just the Middle Eastern electuary with which you should experiment in your trips- down the rabbit hole."

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Have a problem or a handy brain/body/time/space saving tip? Send it to LOTUS BLOSSOM SST 767 PsYc 2A c/o helix, 4526 Roosevelt Way NE, Seattle, Wash. If we use your suggestion, we will send you a free 1 year subscription or equivalent in poetry and worms.

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SCOTT WHITE, variously titled - In charge of StreetCirculation, and/or General Property of HELIX - last week took his dirty feet south. He reports that.....

"The Bay Area has its problems." The Barb cannot find the people to do what Scott calls the "dirty WORK." (This must be rank labor.) i.e., typists et al... One little job takes about 4 hours and pays 20 dollars. (Contrary to Helix policy regarding labor the Barb pays.) Its distribution of papers to stores. No one will do it. Nor does anyone want to lay-out....that is, paste up the paper for press. Everyone is too busy... agitating. Max Sherr, editor of the Barb, also attempted to entice Walt Crowley through the person of Scott White to come south. Luckily HELIX had just contracted Crowley to the next 37 issues. (Payment to be discussed at a later date.) The Oracle, for all its 100,000 circulation hasn't come out with an issue recently and is in financial straits. Too many people have been dipping too far into the till for petty cash. (The HELIX is also having financial difficulties. Over 600 dollars has not been returned by peddlers. And we make here a gentle request that they do so.)

Late hours in the Haight are, BARB reports, not too safe. Gangs, winos, and everyone else except the hippies are on the streets after 9:00 at night. Hippies go to the safety of their own apartments to get stoned or whatever...Scott reports.

The Berkeley Free U has had approximately the same thing going as FUS up until this summer. Four hundred students and only about 20 people involved in running the thing. The difference is that they are doing something about it. No classes this summer, just groups of people discussing "Domestic Suppression" and "Drawing the Line" with sub-topics ranging from concentration camps to rebellion in the classroom. No teachers, you have to answer the questions yourself. The summer will end with a retreat and a communal paper. One of the Free U "teachers" from last quarter is going to court on possession charges. The first day in court Charlie Brown Artman appeared on acid and peyote with bands playing outside the courthouse. He is fighting it on religious grounds.

Scott reports....

was a chance he would be court martialed. The charges would probably include 'subversion,' creating 'disaffection' within the armed forces, and making 'disloyal statements.' He was also told that the maximum penalty for 'disloyal statements' was three years at hard labor for each count.

Now in this case there is absolutely no question of infraction of Army rules or refusing to obey orders. In fact, Petrich has an excellent service record (there has never been a single disciplinary action of any kind against him) and is well liked by his fellow soldiers. His immediate supervisors consider him a good soldier.

What is happening then is that this man is having his career threatened simply on the basis of his personal beliefs.

The Stapp case, too, shows this disregard for individual freedom. He was recently court martialed for refusing to obey a direct order. Andrew Stapp is a war dissenter and kept anti-war literature in his locker. He refused to open that locker on May 9th. Asked about it under oath Stapp said, "I would have let them see, but not seize, my personal possessions. He-the commanding officer-made it quite clear he was going to take it, not just look at it." Stapp now has a broken locker and is busy at hard labor.

Just last Saturday Capt. Levy was convicted by a military court of willful disobedience, disloyal statements, and culpable negligence. The negligence charge was because in a personal letter to another soldier he called the war "a diabolical evil." The court obviously knows better.

The primary focus of the trial revolved around Levy's refusal to train Green Berets. He contended that they were involved in

cont. p5



On May 13, 1967, Ron Rich, John Rustad, Bernie Yang, James Brown and David Wyatt drove downtown with the express purpose of establishing a public forum where dissenters and defenders of the status quo could express their views publicly. That afternoon, Dave Wyatt found himself escorted to the Public Safety Building charged with "refusing to separate from a crowd which annoyed citizens and travelers" that had gathered to listen to his views on U.S. involvement in Viet Nam.

PUBLIC FORUM

5



Wyatt's freedom of speech was not questioned, of course but if exercising this freedom necessitates an audience and if this audience can be interpreted an annoyance at the discretion of the authorities and the discussion terminated his right is ipso facto denied. As long as the police have the power to decide when a crowd is an annoyance to the good citizenry, an area designated as a public forum is essential to guarantee the right to speak on explosive subjects which attract a large number of people.

Wyatt and his friends thought that the Farmer's Market had excellent potential as the location of such a forum and prior to the arrest at 1st and Pike they had attempted to speak there; they were informed by the engineer of the Market that this wasn't such a good place after all.

From the Market they moved to 1st and Pike. There a crowd of about two hundred gathered around Wyatt, some of them "using profanity" and one woman trying to knock him off the platform. Police were present but did not act. Wyatt combatted these opponents by yielding the speaking platform to them.

Then suddenly, seven protectors of public safety and morality descended upon me and before my foot friends could bid me their fond farewell, the police tossed me into a waiting police car. I was quickly driven to the PSB and booked on a charge of unlawful assembly. I only remained in jail for two hours thanks to the immediate reaction of the ACLU attorney, Mike Rosen and many others who raised one hundred dollars to bail me out.

Since his arrest, Wyatt has been occupied with outlining his defense. & must postpone his quest for a forum. However, he has recently received calls from citizens interested in helping establish one.

Three years ago, the sole voice of the-- more or less-- underground was the Village Voice. Now the northwest alone has 7 little rags, and woodpulp streetorgans are mushrooming like psilocybe from Austin to East Lansing.

Olympia has just come out with a 12-page color paper called the AVATAR. The 1st issue (which was distributed to the Seattle area by HELIX) was written almost single handedly by a cat named Darell Huston, who is the editor and weird. Most of the paper is taken up by an interview with Queen Ray "Off with the Heads" Barger who offers various comments on the local and national scene: Leary "...a fraud ...in it for the money..." and the underground press "...one difference between the helix...and our local press is how far they go."

On the last page is a transcription of a taped psychic/apocalyptic biography and suicide lyric sent to Huston by a friend, Donovan Cork, just before he killed himself in Japan. Get hold of it somehow; it's a beautiful thing.

The SYNAPSE has just come out with its second issue. A sort of UW non-UW paper, it's for the most part written by people connected with the "U," and printed on the ID press. Synapse seems, from the first two issues, concerned with causes for Concern, for the most part leaving the metaphysical implications of Chemstrand for the oracle, helix and the AMA.

One tends to get the feeling that Synapse would like to be a sort of University Sunday Ramparts, but, being located in Seattle, has its hands temporarily full just providing a traditional liberal balance to the PI, Ramon, the Council et al..

The YAKIMA EAGLE was the sole Washington outlet for side-show journalism prior to the arrival of HELIX. Though it will long remain a fond memory to the Greater N.W. Freaks, it unfortunately seems to be giving in to sensationalism by devoting increasing amounts of space to the exploitation of the Drug Boom. A full 2/3 of the May 25 issue--the most recent one to be made available to our office--is taken up by articles on LSD. This sort of irresponsible publicity can only lead to a further stimulation of the unfortunate curiosity of innocent young people, and ultimately to an increase in the no. of children who, as a result of unsupervised dope fiending, may tend to confuse their Being with that

Of oranges and graham crackers.

Spokane now has a 10-page mimeographed sheet called, simply, SPOKANE. It is produced in the Mandala Print Shop --has arrived safely in Spokane--and ranges in content from a passage from the Congressional Record to a Safe Trip guide; it..My God, I don't know what to say--Spokane. They need (and deserve) a pica electric typewriter and the use of a good mimeograph machine.

Portland now has the SEER, a 16-page offset paper with a lot of nice Good-Tidings-Speed-Prose --including a great account of a pre-induction physical and subsequent 4-Fdom, and a history of How America Cold Turkeyed Wheat and Found Happiness, which may prove to be a head adventure into history paralleling Toynbee's journey into deepest Haight.

Vancouver now has the GEORGIA STRAIGHT, which in turn has a lot of trouble finding a printer. (For a while they were thinking of printing in Seattle and smuggling it back past the border guards.) The first issue ran an "Uncle Sam Wants YOU--nigger." ad that some one should make into a poster.

The HELIX: our first printing managed to unload 3,000, 12-page papers; our most recent issue sold 7,500, 16-page copies in 24 hours, and ended up selling 11,000 copies. The quality of the underground papers is still somewhat below that of the redwoods from which the newsprint is made, but compared to the Hearst headline service....

In spite of financial hassle, the threat of imminent intervention from various fundamentalist supreme beings, cops, etc. the papers are MAKING IT (baby)!

Incidentally, these papers need copy; for the 1st time anywhere unpublished poets, etc. are needed! We are therefore printing addresses for those with old, unused manifestos, poems, hallucinations, etc:

Georgia Straight: 432 Homer, Vancouver, B.C.  
Seer: 1824 S.W. Market, Portland, Oregon 97201  
Helix: 4526 Roosevelt Way N.E., Seattle, Washington  
Spokane: Mandala Print Shop, 522 S. Cannon, Spokane, Wash.  
Avatar: 1705 Capitol Way, Olympia, Washington 98501  
Synapse: Synapse c/o Helix  
Yakima Eagle: Eagle, RT. #4, Box 1776 (suc) Yakima, Washington

BLUES, JAZZ & ROCK INSTRUMENTATION: organ--Mike Mandel, AU2-0527. Guitar & electric bass, Joe Johansen AT-35559  
Poetry, fiction, hysteria-ASPECTS MAG, 204, P.O. Box 2125, Eugene, Oregon 97403  
Good Stuff - 104: The Mad Peck, Dept F, Box 2307 East Side Sta., Prov., RI, 02906  
Lost: 15 yr. old dog, about a month ago in U. District. Small, black, brn. and fluffy intelligent but deaf. Call ME-2-8225  
For Sale: '55 Chevy 4 door V-8, needs some work. LA-5-5932

DRESSMAKING & ALTERATIONS Quality work at reasonable prices. Sabara Weissman EA-5-0985

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cont. from p4

war crimes and it was against his professional ethics to train them (Levy is a dermatologist.) Evidence of war crimes was introduced. The court determined that it was not a defense because in the cases submitted the americans had only stood by and watched the atrocities, not participated.

Dr. Spock testified that it would indeed be against professional ethics to train these men. Rather than confront the validity of Spock's opinions, the court categorically decided that ethics was not a valid defense for disobeying orders. Levy has been sentenced to three years at hard labor.

Somehow it seems to me that when a system becomes so self-righteous that it insists on forcing the system on others, it can no longer pretend to be a democracy. We profess fear of our enemies on the basis of our concern for freedom, then we prostitute this freedom in order to fight them? That's a shitty game at best. -Jack Delay-

(BEING A CONTINUATION OF MILAM'S ARTICLE WHICH BEGINS UNDER THE SIGN OF THE GAPING MOUTH P.14)

Death warmed over, stormed over, boasted over. Do you see where we go love?

Q: Love.

A: Right---we turn the finely honed edge of desire, and perception, and opinion, and race it along the full-moon eye: le chien Andalou out-Dali-ed

Q: Out dallied.

A: "He who dally get no homeo-pa thic." See my conclusion.

Q: Thank you Mr. President.

Q: Do you remember the passage in Ulysses?...

A: You mean about the rose...

Q: "The rows of cast steel..."

A: We all get obsessed.

Q: And you?

A: We all get obsessed.

Q: Thank you, Mr. President.

A: Tell them, hold the guts of the king up to the suns, so that the pulsing, the white worms turning on themselves, the veins hanging blue and delicious across the striated tubes of repletion reveal that the king is...is...

Q: Thank you Mr. President.

A: Just like me.

Q: Thank you Mr. President.

A: Thank you Mr. President.



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6

MONEY MUSIC  
BERGSMA & O'DAY

Two events this week signaled the sounds of  
big money being quietly but heavily deposited at oppo-  
site ends of the "contemporary" music scene in Seattle.  
But the money didn't land where it's at.....  
A \$400,000 contemporary performance program is about to be announ-  
ced by the U of W school of Music. The 5 year plan depends on final ap-  
proval of \$191,000 in Rockefeller Found. Funds, already committed condi-  
tionally, and the raising of the other \$209,000 by the UofW. It is expect-  
ed, at least in the halls of the Music Building, that William O. Smith (re-  
member Bill Smith, the jazz clarinetist?) will have charge.....  
Pat O'Day at the other end announces meanwhile Seattle's Biggest Show Since the  
World's Fair!!! Teen Spectacular June 17 through 25 at Center Coliseum! With Miss  
Teenage America Sandy Roberts, your favorite groups like Every Mother's Son, City  
Zu, Emergency Exit, Live Five, Springfield Rifle and the Bumps....WE think it is a  
combination of everything YOU think is fun. Have you ever watched a recording session?  
Been on your own television show? In short, just have fun for several hours....."

It was going to be the Teen Fair but a lawsuit was neatly sidestepped by changing the  
name to make the California Teen Fair name owners feel better. Having cleaned up on the  
2nd Trips Festival which went nowhere except to the bank, with 10,000 admissions at \$5 a-  
piece and mostly from teenyboppers, O'Day is sure to double the take next time. And it's  
worth five to the kids or they wouldn't show.....

Competing rock band enterprises are having a tough time making it against O'Day's constant  
KJR plugging and against his organization's policy of keeping some of the better-known bands  
from working for anybody else in the area, in competition to his places. A local attorney  
is preparing to file papers in federal court against O'Day this week, in an attempt by some  
of the hurt competitors to get the Federal Communications Commission to clip his wings.....

But, back to the Tudor Gothic Music Building. What can William Bergsma's Music Dept. do with  
\$400,000 which is to be used entirely for performing contemporary music for five years? As one  
faculty member put it, "If you could find that much music for woodwind quintet, is it worth  
it?" Of more serious concern is the real fear that the U.ofW. Music Dept., up to now devoted  
to music as an art or at least as teaching subject matter, will have a third value: lots of  
attractive money, guaranteed no matter how small the audience and no matter what else.....

If Bill Smith is indeed to be the director, the only hope is that he reassert himself as a  
leading jazz musician; so far, the Music Dept. has only considered him a "contemporary com-  
poser" and the Seattle Jazz Society has had to sponsor his two jazz appearances since he  
joined the U.ofW. faculty last fall. The Husky Stage Band, and old-fashioned swing-type  
jazz unit, is sponsored by the ASUW as the Music Dept. considers jazz to be something  
that has a history but cannot be performed under any circumstances, under their approval.

What is common about these two heavy money events in music is that neither one is  
where....you know where. Next Friday two of the most advanced, and just plain music-  
ally beautiful groups will play at the Eagles: the Country Joe and the Fish and the  
P.H. Phactor. Sunday, at the Eagles again, the Fish will play again. This time  
with the Blues Interchange and the Magic Fern. The money stays away from these:  
Imagine Bergsma's contemporary music program presenting the P.H. Phactor in re-  
cital in the Music Building Recital Hall! Or think of O'Day hiring the Fish!  
It's all music, the musicians have to eat and buy instruments and practice,  
there has to be money; but when money governs the music, the music dies.

The Overall Contemporary Structure this coming week end, will of-  
fer nothing but music and lights by people who want to turn oth-  
er people on. Posters, word of mouth, telepathy rumors, Hel-  
lix newsboys, planetary conjunctions, (and possibly a  
few spots on KJR) will spread the word about  
these musical celebrations.

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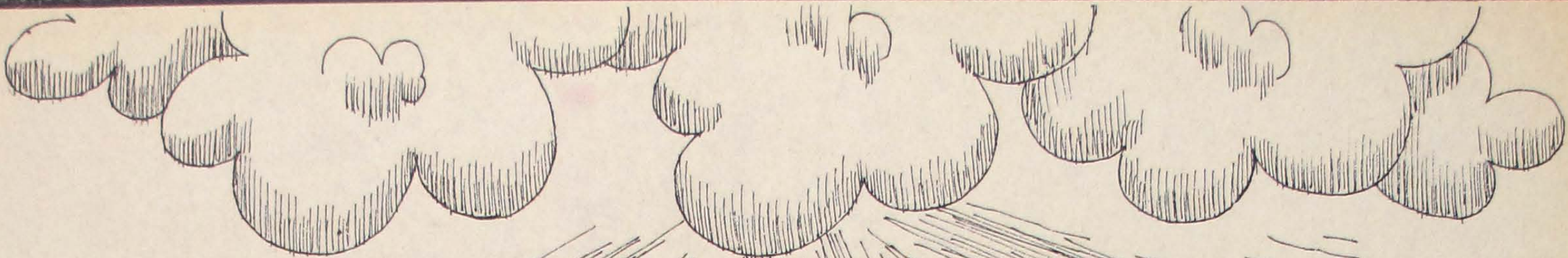
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# WHO SAVES THE MYAR?







Walt Disney



Reading The Marihuana Papers, edited by David Solomon (also editor of LSD: The Consciousness-Expanding Drug) one easily falls into a false and complacent optimism about the legal future of Marihuana in this and other Western nations. As one reads, either straight through, or picking selections here and there, the conclusion is overwhelming -- this harmless weed has obviously been misunderstood and misclassified as a "hard" or addictive narcotic, and once this is seen, its use will obviously be legalized. And when this conclusion is coupled with the obvious fact that use of the weed is expanding widely in all circles, one easily moves on to conclude that it is just a matter of a very short time before Pot is as legal as, say, alcohol or cigarettes. Exactly how and exactly when is a matter of detail -- but that it will be legal seems assured.

I was jarred out of my own personal optimism yesterday while in the process of writing this review. We received in the mail a bi-monthly circular called "The Alta Bates News", published for patrons and friends of the Alta Bates Hospital, Berkeley, California (the Great Liberal Land of California). The lead article is "They Buy Insanity by the Ounce and Call it Happiness" and consists of the usual and by now almost pathetic rehearsal in modern dress of the Saga of the Fatal Glass of Beer -- now the innocent youth takes one fatal puff of smoke and falls, by a series of rake's-progress stages, into something called "marihuana psychosis" (otherwise unexplained), but which is probably the old Narcotics Bureau vision of violent crime, sexual perversion ("My God, sometimes they do it with the woman on top" and "Oral Sex is a homo-sexual crime") and oriental torments of addiction-withdrawal-terminal stage-death. The next issue promises something called "the doctor's story and the La Guardia story" and will, predictably enough, consist of exposing the "superficiality" and "unscientific" nature of the classic study of Marihuana conducted from 1938-1944 by the New York Medical Academy under the sponsorship of then New York City Mayor La Guardia (the charges are familiar to anyone acquainted with the Marihuana Myth and its Creators, our Guardians and Protectors in the Narcotics Bureau).

One struggles for comprehension of this -- "Is it possible to believe that this is still believed?" One had hoped that the present legal status of Pot was largely a result of ignorance on the part of most of our democratic population -- ignorance partly innocent (prior to 1937, the year of the passage of the first federal law against the use or possession of Marihuana, the use of the weed was almost totally restricted to the lower darker classes and naturally looked upon with scorn by the higher, whiter classes) and partly the result of the deliberate distortions of the above mentioned Federal Bureau (if Pot is made legal, the Bureau will lose much of its business and then where will they be?). And it is easy to see Solomon's sort of book as a beginning of a cure for that ignorance -- as a beginning of the destruction of that myth. Is that over easy and over simple? Almost certainly -- remember who is Governor and who is Senator of the great State of California (not even to mention our less flamboyant, less notable political abortions in and around Seattle and Olympia). And remember that there may be deep reasons in our puritan traditions which sharply and persistently mitigate against the use of any sort of drug as Marihuana ("it's too cheap", "it's an escape from reality," "you don't have to work for it", "happiness has to be earned", "an honest day's pay for an honest day's work"). Will this book even be read? And if read, will it be taken seriously? When I talk to the youth (who in three years will be voting), I am elated by the prospect; when I talk to the parents who are now voting, I despair.

There is much for everyone in Solomon's book. Most of the classic selections are here -- an abbreviated version of the La Guardia report referred to above; a hilarious article originally appearing (oddly enough) in the Atlantic Monthly written by Allen Ginsberg (the first half written while high and marvelously evocative of what it's like), sociological studies of patterns of marihuana use; psychiatric studies of possible therapeutic applications; a charming short story by Terry Southern; bizarre reports from Nineteenth Century Experimenters with Charas or Hashish (it is of interest to see how they tried to conceptualize their experiences without notable success), and so forth. Of particular interest is the running comparison which can be drawn between alcohol and marihuana. Undoubtedly, if a visitor from Mars were told of these two drugs (in this country alcohol is not thought of as a drug but obviously it is) and then told that one was quite socially acceptable and the

other a heinous crime (for use of which about 10,000 people are right now in jail), there is no doubt that he would pick alcohol as the criminal drug. Which drug is addictive? Which leads to violent crime or just plain violence? Which dulls one's perception of the world and oneself? But I hardly need go on...

Those who use Pot regularly will find the conclusions of this collection hardly surprising. Of course, Pot is non-addictive; of course one does not find oneself growing "tolerant" of the drug and thus needing more and more (if anything, one needs less and less). And of course, it doesn't lead to violence or crime or perverted sex (whatever that means). And of course, one needs to learn how to smoke Pot -- learn how much one needs and how to inhale and so forth. Naturally there are dangers with Pot -- one has a tendency to eat fantastic amounts of food (in Berkeley, Pot was sometimes called 'No-Cal Alcohol', but the food eaten more than makes up for that) and this does increase (as well as frequency of the need to urinate, but not, we are assured, the amount urinated, I was relieved to read that).

But although such results are hardly surprising, they are reassuring -- it is fine to learn that what one has discovered in one's own case is as a matter of fact true. It is nice to find out that one is not bedridden mad by a demon drug -- all the crazy fears are once and for all put to rest. I once heard someone say 'Pot doesn't really make you high, it's just that you hold your breath so long'.

Hopefully, all this will come as a revelation to the non-user. Can it possibly not? Can anyone look through this book and not see that the Marihuana Myth is the creation of hysteria and the possibly self-seeking efforts of ignorant and viciously moralistic men? Can one look, for example, at the efforts of Henry Anslinger, former Director of the Narcotics Bureau, look at his various and inconsistent pronouncements on the dangers of the 'killer-drug', watch his retreat from Pot as a direct cause of violent crime to the more familiar picture that Pot leads to heroin (or, nowadays, LSD)? In 1936 Anslinger claimed under oath that Pot never leads to heroin use and that it leads to juvenile delinquency; in 1956 he claimed, again under oath, that it never (or at least, hardly ever) leads to juvenile delinquency and that it leads to heroin. Can he have it both ways -- under oath? Surely the credibility gap here is just too much...

The extent of world-wide use of various forms of Cannabis sativa (the scientific name given to Marihuana in the 18th Century by Linnaeus) is truly astounding. In 1951, a United Nations Commission estimated that 200,000,000 was the number of users in the world. Undoubtedly, the number is far greater than that now, and especially in this country has the circle of users increased. What was once a minor "vice" of the underprivileged classes has become quite widespread phenomena in all classes -- including musicians, doctors, lawyers, university people, and even (according to some) policemen themselves. That is, of course, a most encouraging sign -- gradually marihuana seems to be assuming the position of alcohol during the long dry years of Prohibition. Of course, members of the Supreme Court do not, as they did then, openly violate the law, but perhaps that is the next step.

One additional theme of the book should be mentioned. Many people are inclined to say not just that marihuana is "more of a nuisance than a menace" (one of the conclusions of the La Guardia Report) and therefore should be tolerated, but, much stronger, that use of the drug is positively beneficial. Not only is it an escape (certainly it is that), but also it may in the long run actually foster a sharper perception of the world around us. Many parents and policemen are appalled by the fact that many users, particularly among the youth, are inclined simply to 'drop out' and cease to work in "conventional" or "socially approved" ways. This is often cited as one of the main bad effects of use. After reading certain sections of Solomon's book (see particularly the selections from pp. 163-201), the suspicion grows that perhaps the users come to see something about the world in which they are growing -- the suggestion is, that they are right to drop out. But that is a topic which would require a far longer discussion than is possible here.

This book is extraordinarily difficult to get hold of. The book stores are not handling it -- and all the University Library copies have long since disappeared. But it is well worth any trouble it takes. Be sure and read it as soon as possible. Perhaps we do stand on the brink of a real change in our culture's attitude to beneficial drugs.

Review of The Marihuana Papers, edited by David Solomon, Bobbs-Merrill.

1966

\$10.00

Yet some will say marihuana addiction is not "technically" a contagious disease--perhaps because it does not leave pock-marks!

No, no pock-marks on the individual victim, that he may be shunned. But evil marihuana is pock-marking this nation with murders, sex-attacks, suicides, and crimes in every category from bank stick-ups to petty thievery -- filling our jails with those that are caught, and our asylums with those that are not caught.

Big shots who see huge profits in the reefer racket and who are developing it, find their most fertile fields in neighborhoods surrounding high schools. Their technique is to get their victims young and unsuspecting and thus insure addiction and continuous sale. The so-called bars and grills and similar joints in the localities of high schools are a great help. The usual procedure of the reefer racketeer is to plant a pleasant but sick young man in one or more of these places where he strikes up an acquaintance with the youngsters and gains their confidence. He popularizes himself by buying them drinks. Seldom does he attempt direct sales of marihuana in the form of cigarettes.

No, none can tell how many victims are already ensnared by marihuana. But to the wholly apathetic one question might be propounded: How many would be too many, if one of them were your own son or daughter? It is a very excellent idea for parents to know where their teen age youngsters go, of evenings, and what they do when they go there.

And of what "type" are the victims? Well, after an address on the topic in one of the swanky churches in Westchester County, near New York City, several of the ladies gathered round the speaker agreeing that it was a dreadful picture that had been portrayed and that something ought to be done about it--but, of course, there was none of it in Westchester County! Ten days later all the headlines blared out the story of police raids on roadhouses in Westchester, seven of them, all selling reefers--and to whom? To Westchester County's youth. What type? The terrible answer is the American type!

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**A Distinguished Leader in the War Against the Dope Warns of the Fast Increasing Menace to School Children as Well as Grown-ups, With Crime's Big Shots Moving In to Make Selling of the Soul-Destroying "Reefer" Cigarettes a Major Racket**

By DR. ARTHUR LA ROE  
President of the American Narcotic Defense Association

THE smoking of marihuana, sometimes and most accurately called "The Devil's Weed," has become a national disease. It has grown to such proportions that it is beginning to attract the big shots who are all set to make it a real racket.

It is a disease that strikes at the heart of our nation--its youth. It is stealthily insidious, seldom recognized until well developed, tragic in its effect upon the victim, treated with difficulty, cured seldom, and always leaves a deep scar in the central nervous system in the form of deterioration.



Ingratiate Himself and Invites the Students to Have a Refreshing Drink With Him.

The photograph upon this page was used only by models to illustrate the effects of the diskoidal method by which the "reefer" is produced. Nothing whatever is to do with the selling, sale or the use of marihuana in cigarettes, or any other form.



**VIETNAM SUMMER**

Deep in the fertile soil of grass roots America, the seeds are being sown for a summer of many blossoms: peace blossoms. The harvest is no less than a public voice which, in the words of Dr. Martin Luther King Jr., "Might well determine the destiny of our nation."

Seattle has joined with other cities across the nation in a project to touch the many silent Americans who wonder whether their national heritage is truly honored by the war in Vietnam. This project is Vietnam Summer.

VIETNAM SUMMER seeks to broaden public understanding of the peace issues through neighborhood "teachouts". Door to door canvassing will identify those concerned about the war. The canvass will lead into neighborhood discussions and seminars. Vietnam Summer will also encompass other believing the facts will speak for themselves: those who learn the truth about Vietnam will seek a peaceful solution.

SUMMER will also encompass other areas of peace action. When groups are ready, they may circulate petitions, initiate public referenda, seek support in local Democratic and republican committees, sponsor panel discussions, consumer boycotts of war production companies, or sending medical aid to Vietnamese civilians.

Seattle Vietnam summer, committed to the non-violent method, will coordinate but not control grass roots peace activity. Various opinions on the means to peace are recognized, but the goal is the same: to affirm a common bond of respect for human decency, and bring an end to the tragic war in Vietnam. We join with U. Thant, Pope Paul & many world leaders in urging a cessation of bombing as a first step to peace.

Vietnam Summer is recruiting now for persons interested in education (teach-outs), political activities, direct action, art & drama programs, or draft education and resistance...Contact

The Movement exists and will grow... And the Movement is REP-- the new structure of the New Left. REP the Radical Education Project, initiated by Students for a Democratic Society and "organized as an intellectual center for the New Left Movement in America."

Invitations to join REP have gone out in the mail around the country from Ann Arbor, Mich., the Movement's headquarters. Those who receive the letters from REP can take four steps-- sending money, pledging regular contributions, asking for more information, and/or volunteering for some REP activity.

The New York Times picked up one of the letters, sent a reporter out to talk to REP, and came back with a page one story.

REP will start by defining and analyzing "social movements and revolution, both in America and elsewhere in terms of the irrelevance to the contemporary situation."

What hung the Times up is another REP project: an international intelligence network. The network already is functioning, according to the letters sent out by REP. "Already we have contacts in Latin America, Japan, most European countries and Canada, with Vietnamese rebels and neutrals, African nationalists, and others...One former staff member visited Guatemala last summer where he made extensive contacts with Guatemalan guerrillas."

address is 510 E. William St., Ann Arbor, Mich. 48108

**FROM A DARK BAG... FAINTLY**

This is from the "other side of the tracks" baby. Cool liberal cats in this city will fall back. Your cool will be blown. A new Theatre is with you...like nothing your used to...THE ENSEMBLE THEATRE, located at 107 Occidental So., off Pioneer Square will open June 9 with a world premiere of D.H. Lawrence's "THE FIGHT FOR BARBARA." Unlike the Rep. and A.C.T. we will as a matter of continuing concern present vivid, uncompromising theatre. Plays which you can readily identify with. Plays about Vietnam, Civil Rights, and plays involving civil rights.

Rep. and A.C.T. we will free the minority actor to play the part, commensurate with his ability. You may say that the Rep. had 3 black actors this past season and they played no stereotypes. Well, like you know, one cat played a faggot and a beach boy, one chick a maid and another a witch....but man!!! As long as the moneyed establishment pays the freight one is inclined to believe things will remain the same.

But, of course, the track record of the Rep. and A.C.T. glows like a bridegroom's eyes on wedding night, compared with the peculiar goings on of the Opera and the Symphony. Both organizations are structured top to bottom, lily white. They won't even program music by Black composers. But, every two years or so, they will hire a Black soloist, sit him right in the storefront, grin broadly and say, "See, look here. We got one."

Wayne Johnson of the Times. He walked out on the S.F. MIME TROUPE, and wrote a very uptight review of the Metropolitan Opera "Traviata". The Mime Troupe was too bawdy, and Eugene Holmes, a black brother, sang Germont in "Traviata".

One wonders then why this supposed pogrom of the Black artist in the performing arts. Money, status, politics, racism and a variety of other reasons becloud the WHY.

The Arts are an expression of man's deepest humanity. And nobody but a fool would say that only on race is capable of honest expression. competent, artistic

ENSEMBLE THEATRE... DOUGLAS BARNETT... THE PH PHACTOR JUG BAND in a trip down memory lane outside of the EDGE COFFE HOUSE the weekend before Memorial Day in hasty pregnant thought waves:

We'd heard rumors of course, but we tried to make it across the wall. Or peace arch, or border, and they took away our orange. I guess at first they wanted to know about our eating and smoking habits. Steve said, "no" a lot. We also tried to be honest and give a good impression of Seattle kids, so we threw in a few, "yeses". So, when they were through asking questions, we were searched, and they gave everyone in the band except Steve papers saying we were undesirable!

This is SERIOUS! We were on our way to play music for some friends of ours who happen to be Canadians, and they can prove it...and we can prove it.... and you can prove it if you want to. We were invited. And it is a fact that we are not all that undesirable. But the border inspectors, you see, obviously do not represent Canadians, the Canadians we are sure wanted to hear us play music, wanted us in Canada. Or maybe it's a joke.

The U.S. inspectors questioned us and nosed around in the car both coming into Canada, and going. We didn't really penetrate though. They took away our orange going North, but gave it back coming South. It was some joke but they bruised our orange. DM

**OVERALLS**

FRIDAY, 4 pm Floating and melting around.

The AIRPLANE is in BELLINGHAM. Jump out of tree and bounce in the IVY. Climbing an impossible roof and sitting at the pinnacle like coming down hard on a 2 by 4.

at 8:55 after picking up and depositing hitchhiker, getting loaded with gas and things, laughing singing until getting stopped south of MT. VERNON for no rear lights...state patrol scene, no hassel, move on and lay back.

Hour later leave vehicle parked where no vehicle should be.....run through doorway to front of bandstand and sit on the floor.....AIRPLANE flying around the stage.

where ushers reseal individuals that look as if they might be dancing. AIRPLANE goading crowd Six Foot Two, Two Hundred Pounder in OVERALLS stands up and starts dancing in the bleachers. Up rushes usher who is ignored....calls for reinforcements who are shaken off when attempting to reseal OVERALLS. Ushers regroup for second assault as everyone in gymnasium is watching. Two sitting near OVERALLS in bleachers pop up and start dancing. Cosmic Consciousness decrees to fuck this no dancing shit.

EVERYONE IS DANCING!

Lights are turned on in "retaliation". Everyone is turned on except ushers who are now wandering in circles. Wild Dance Orgy in accompaniment to the last set of the AIRPLANE.

set ends. fellow in loafers, jeans, and white shirt starts rapping on stage that if we could have everybody dancing then there would be no one left to fight wars....."Shit, that looks like ALLEN GINSBERG."

"Doesn't that look like Allen Ginsberg."

"That IS allen ginsberg!"

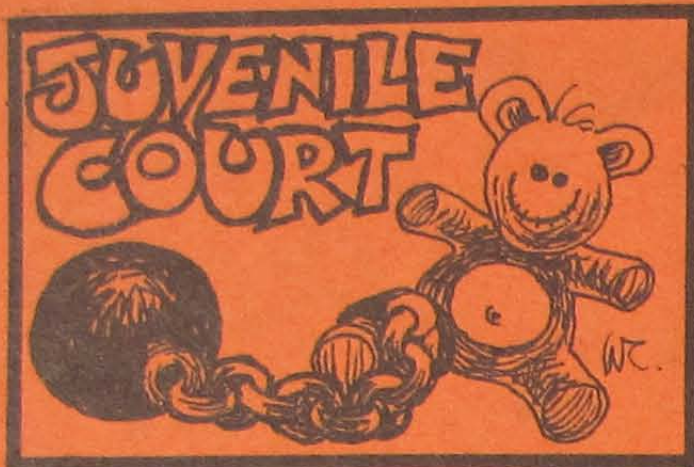
Ace reporter has lost head and doesn't even know what else Allen Ginsberg had to say. Crowd in corner listening to Neil Cassidy rapdance around explaining how he and Allen and Ken Kesey are mountain freaks, their destination. Traveling in Psychedelic Bus. Oh yeh!

Meet people I haven't seen in years, head count goes up. Two more riders brings total to 8...Canadian has money for gas oil and fuse for back lights. Flash back to Seattle at forty miles an hour, deliver everyone home by 4:30 in the morning....five stops.

Tuesday, outrageously priced trips festival. thousands are packjammed into the Seattle Arena for a twelve hour musical onslaught. Throughout the day only a handful of persons dance. They're told to stop. Everyone else stands locked or seated.

In Bellingham Ken Kesey told the AIRPLANE that they were out driving around and heard the AIRPLANE was playing there and decided to swing by. Asked if they were making it to SEATTLE. No man, they didn't want to cut the SEATTLE SCENE.....





On May 15th the Supreme Court of the United States, in what is now known as the "Gault Decision," gave juveniles the same constitutional protection accorded adults in criminal trials. Justice Abe Fortas, after commenting that "nowhere in the constitution is the administration of justice limited to adults," gave juveniles these Bill of Rights safeguards:

1. Notice of the charges placed against them.
2. The right to an attorney's assistance.
3. The right to confront and cross examine complainants and other witnesses.
4. Protection against self-incrimination, including the privilege of remaining silent.
5. The right to a transcript of the proceedings.
6. The right to have the case reviewed in higher courts.

Two constitutional rights not mentioned in the decision are the right to a speedy trial and the right to bail.

Justice Fortas noted that one-half of the nation's juvenile judges have no undergraduate degree, one-fifth have no college education, and one-fifth are not members of their state's bar association. He felt that the "paternalistic" juvenile court system had not worked for the benefit of these young people, and therefore their constitutional rights had to be reinforced by Supreme Court action.

In this state, on May 15th, King County Superior Court Judge Lloyd Shorett, in a Seattle Times article, claimed that implementing the Supreme Court decision would make it more difficult to give guidance and help to young people. He also claimed that providing counsel would delay handling of cases. Seattle Juvenile Court has about 15 to 20 cases a day. Judge Shorett said that the decision would force a complete change in the present system.

Presiding Juvenile Court Judge Charles Z. Smith, in a telephone interview, said that he considered the Gault Decision a "good decision." The only change in the present court

procedure, he said, would be for the court to provide attorneys in cases of need. He commented that most cases are given preliminary hearing within 24 hours, and sometimes minors are held 72 hours in detention before appearing in court. He hoped that more attorneys would become familiar with juvenile court proceedings since they will be called upon to appear in court on behalf of juvenile clients. He feels that court-appointed attorneys will put an excessive burden on the present court's budget, and therefore added funds will have to come from taxes.

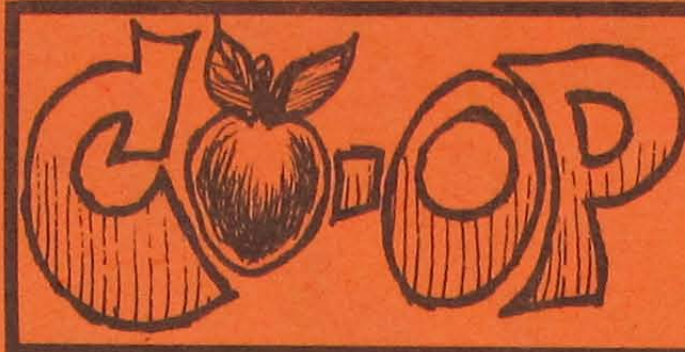
Phil Burton, noted local attorney who appears often in juvenile matters, commented on the court's "filled" calendar by pointing out that a number of "petty" cases, including traffic hearings, are on the docket. He also pointed out that the punishment given in traffic matters to juveniles is usually more severe than that given to adults. He feels that since juveniles are given the adult privilege of driving, they should be heard in the adult court. He characterized the Gault Decision as an important beginning in the attempt to update the court's methods, and mentioned the New York Family Court Act as a piece of legislation that he and the A.C.L.U. would like to see enacted in this state. The Family Court Act defined a delinquent child as a child who had committed an act that, by adult standards, would be considered criminal. This would make such items as curfew violations, smoking and drinking not delinquent acts. Mr. Burton feels that it is about time that responsibility for basic discipline be returned to the parents and removed from the realm of public action.

The Assistant Director of the Seattle Children's Home, Joe O'Coyle, looks for a move to separate delinquent minors from dependent children in the Juvenile Court's detention facilities, as a result of the Gault Decision. He was pleased by the decision and hoped that the funds to implement these changes would be made available.



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The first consumer cooperative grocery store in Seattle in 11 years will open June 22 at 3423 Denny Way. Health foods, auto accessories and an insurance department offering all types of insurance will be included.

The opening will culminate Puget Consumers Co-op's six years as a buying club. In that time it attained probably the best growth and member savings of any grocery co-op in the Far West. It began in and until now operated from the intentional May Valley Co-op Community (MVC) integrated housing cooperative northeast of Renton.

PCC is now 315 member-owners, each with equal control. The Co-op has a net worth of over \$9,000, of which 59% is in individual member investments -- mainly derived from patronage refunds. PCC is affiliated with Puget Sound Cooperative League, educational federation of consumer co-ops here.

PCC will continue its regular deliveries to several points in Greater Seattle, including one near the U. District. Any group of members can establish a new delivery station by agreeing to purchase \$50 total per trip and locating a depository. The Co-op aims at extension of consumer co-op distribution here to all types of goods and services to all interested districts. Its goals also include 1) providing opportunity for each member to develop his talents and capabilities; 2) being a yardstick of efficiency and morality in trade; 3) increasing economic, social and political freedom and progress.

Additional employees, including an assistant manager -- all part-time now -- and an insurance agent will be needed by PCC by June 15.

Founder and manager of PCC, John Affolter, also MVC treasurer, is organizer of Free University's first course on "Cooperative and Communal Ways of Life vs. Individualism," listed in FUS' summer catalog. Several co-op leaders will share the teaching. Ex-Californian Affolter has been devoted to this field in different capacities in several regions for 29 years.

For details on membership and employment call Helen Karr, EA 5 9208, or contact Affolter, AL 5 3563, 102-18 147th S.E., Renton.



Gabor Szabo and his four men succeeded late last month in playing some of the most beautiful things heard in Seattle. Known as the Hungarian jazz guitarist, Gabor played music that was and wasn't jazz, rock or Indian. It was simply music for two guitars, drums, conga and bass that made everyone feel so very very good.

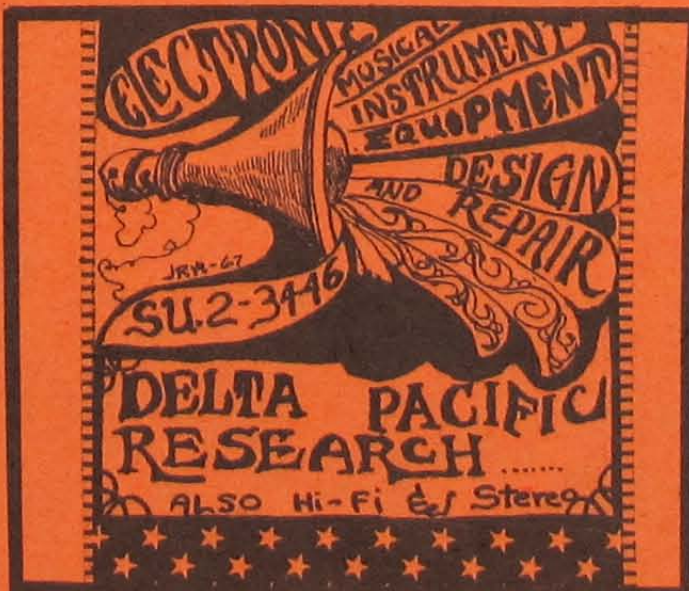
This was done in the incongruous bunny hutch Penthouse, all smooth and neat and Playboyish.

Gabor's music and quintet are one of the great sources of today's turned-on sounds. He brought a new astringent quality to the electric guitar that is now heard from many rock bands.

So Gabor turned around and faced the speaker and developed newer tones, sinuous Indian lines, with controlled feedback -- first done by the rock guitar men.

Not just Gabor, but Jimmy Stewart (the other guitarist, who is more Spanish-classical and really great), Louis Kabok on bass, Hal Gordon on congas and Chuck Ciscitano on drums: all played as five in one. Places where silences grew and then were shattered by a great ringing sound were really thrilling, because everyone hit like one man. People didn't just applaud, they exclaimed; they moved approval.

Joe Johanson, a Seattle blues guitar player, was invited on the stand Saturday afternoon and on the second tune, the Stones' "Paint it Black," played soulful and funky. Later he said Gabor asked him to record with the group as he wanted to cut some three-guitar things. Johanson has been ignored too long by too many people.



To the Editor of the Seattle Helix:

I am writing this letter to you to announce the birth of a new company. It is our pleasure to announce that the Davy Crocket Psychedelic Plastic Paisley Raccoon Cap Company is now manufacturing a new product that we call "instant hippie." It is the view of our company that the youth of this nation have created a rapidly expanding market for this product. In response to time-honored principles of supply and demand, we have decided to manufacture the above product.

The outfit, which we refer to as the "base unit," consists of all the things that are necessary for a person to become a hippie. This kit can be used as long as desired, and then discarded with no harmful after-effects. We believe that thru the use of this unit an individual may achieve complete self-realization, within the framework of existing social culture. This unit will also enable said individual to explore all the true social and spiritual values of this culture of ours in the shortest possible time. He will then be able to take his true place in society as a constructive and useful individual.

As some parents might have certain objections to this kit, let me extend my most profound assurances that nothing harmful to the values you parents stand for has been included in this kit. And lest any businessmen reading this letter have any worries, let me extend my assurances to them also. Although on the surface people using this kit might seem to drive away older, more established customers, this is entirely untrue. Indeed, this new direction among our youth has created a market that cannot be completely exploited by any single businessman.

The unit includes the following items: twenty San Francisco dance posters, a set of faded blue levis, one slightly dirty blue denim shirt, a pair of scuffed-up moccasins, a leather suede jacket with tastefully placed stains; assorted mandalas, acid beads and hero posters; five caps of simulated LSD, two lids of processed bananas and various real drugs.

As we have not completely cleared

with our legal staff how safe it is to state which drugs are included we think they should be regarded as a special surprise. Also included are books on how to score, a dictionary and phrasebook of current terms (yearly supplements available) and a short and comprehensive textbook on what is in, how to be in in the hippie sense of the word.

The whole unit comes handsomely packaged in a paisley box, the cover of which is suitable for framing. For one who wishes to explore this fascinating field further, we have several supplementary kits. Our first kit we call the "real head" or "real hippie" kit. It includes 200 Marvel Comic Books, a special substance to make your hair grow long, several of the underground newspapers, a simulated case of hepatitis, and a one-week guided tour of the colorful Haight-Ashbury area.

We suggest that this would make an ideal gift for the 14 to 21 set. Imagine the joy of the youth who sees this beautiful present under the Christmas tree next Halloween.

Evil to He Who Evil Thinks,  
Yours,



W.S. Fu  
President  
Davy Crocket Psychedelic Plastic Raccoon Cap Company.

PAGE

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Helix Editor  
4526 Roosevelt Way N.E.  
Seattle, Wash. 98105

Dear Editor:

Parent censorship of reading matter has hit its high. Helix has been banned from our home, and just because of a few unrestrained writers who used terms such as "bullshit," & the like. It's like this: these slightly off-color terms are the only recognizable language many adults find in Helix, tho I can't imagine why. Isn't there another word for the previously mentioned noun?

Since Helix has been banned (one week now) withdrawal symptoms have set in: apathy in regard to other reading matter, general lack of insight into Av affairs (public & otherwise), and an insane craving for yellow and blue newsprint paper.

I can't take it; I need help - no I need Helix. One more week and I'll do something drastic -- like maybe clean my room. Please save me from myself: bring Helix above the L.A. Free Press level, so it will be allowed again in our home.

In sincere desperation,  
Taffy Moore, overprotected teenager



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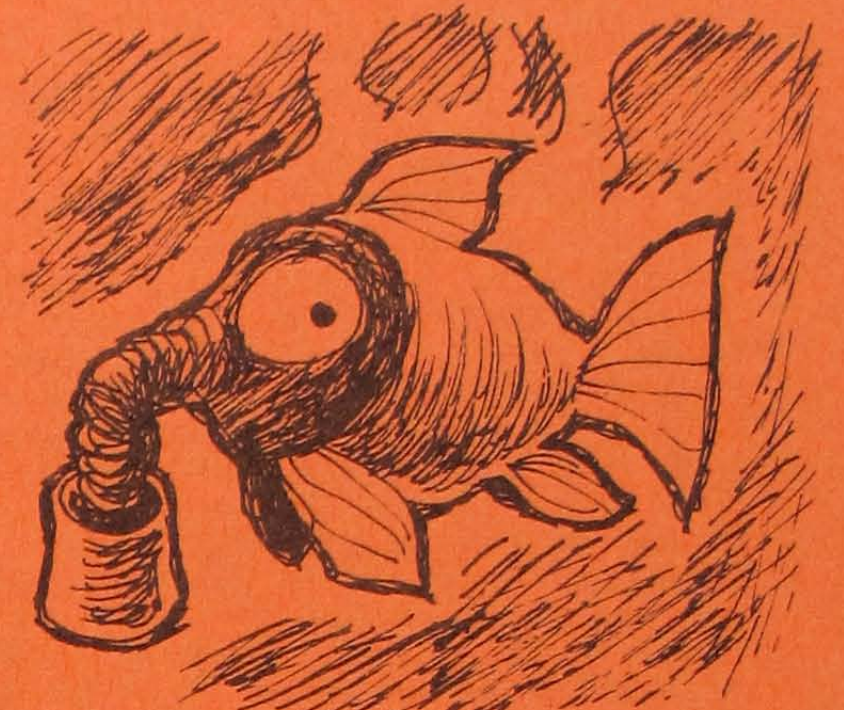
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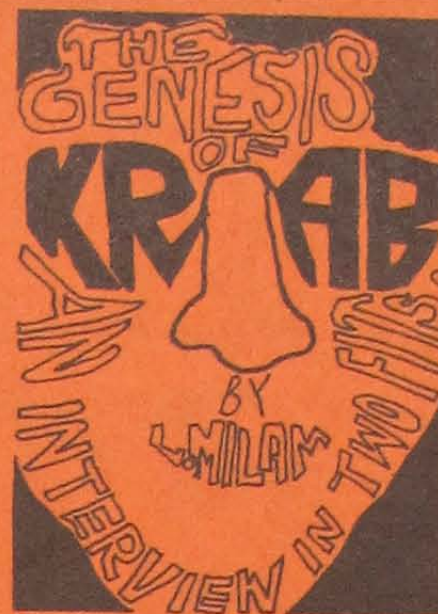
# CHHIP

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- Q: Tell us something about yourself.
- A: Christ! Even now the cherry blossoms barely come to fruition. And let me tell you about the beginning.
- Q: Yes. Tell us about the beginning.
- A: Did you see the light about us today: everywhere. The blossoms hanging upside down over the streets, all fitted with the dark lines of my conception.
- Q: Tell us something about yourself.
- A: I was born at a very early age (Laughter) and when I was three, my parents ran away from home (Laughter, Applause). It was not a tough life.
- Q: Tell us something about yourself, and this city.
- A: Why not. 1960--and I had energy to spread like peanut butter; energy to shoot up and stick to the walls of the ventricle complex. Remember, at 25, I was to be the rose in the hair in the democracy, the thorn in the butt of complacency. I was selected, the obvious chosen to physically, bodily, gargantuanly, lug the trees, and dark forests of Point No Point screeching into the grey and slaving jaws of the 20th century.
- Q: And how was it to be accomplished?
- A: In the City of Sun, there is a castle called Kafka. Through the dark halls, echoes of ambition, statues rise one by one to reflect the shadows of sound, to raise noises to the point of power. There are rooms, O God, the hundreds of rooms, each cast by a single naked light-bulb, each one idea stitched bleakly against the hundred walls. This is power--I tell you this is man-power.
- Q: Yes?
- A: And in my room (for see: each of has a room in the castle--as sure as the fingers of one hand fit the fingers of the other hand), in my room lies the queen of power. I tell you: she is eighteen feet tall, head-torso-legs of greyest clay, feet of gold; ninety-two arms, a hundred eight legs, and a thousand fine full breasts. The idle breasts feed quick-silver down a flaccid belly--and the others, ah! (Gag)
- Q: Tell us something about yourself.
- A: Two hundred, five hundred, a thousand swarming creatures feed at the breasts of the queen of power. O, and I tell you, they will frighten you. Grey, hard, half-eaten creatures, swarming from the blackest corners of the universe--spiders grown shiny and black, swinging clouds against the fat truculent dying sun; spiders' craggy mandible against the full teats of desire; night crawlers come on a dozen spindly legs to perch against the edge of the universe; a fat lurking body stirred from the pit of your tumescent soul, corruscated, heavy-lidded and greasy swarms; the pitiful wretch carries an armload of disjointed baby bodies, painted cheerful hyacinth-blues, mid-summer night blues, foggy mountain blues.
- Q: I got de foggy mountain blues.
- A: But through it all, the queen of power remains unmoved. She is tall, and gilded, and her single eye sees all. The lid of it never moves. It was here that I learned the painful route in the birth of the average, garden variety of the marmose.
- Q: What?
- A: The marmose gives birth so young as to be foetal. And these young must crawl from the warm hot oven of their conception through the brace of fiercely antagonistic hair, to the tier of eight nipples. Each marmose infant must swallow a teat down full into the belly. Not the simple suck and be done of the human child, but swallow the teat down, way down, to the depths of the being. This is called true love.
- Q: So?
- A: The queen of power is eighteen feet tall, built of grey clay (except the feet--the feet are gold), has ninety-two arms, two hundred legs, a thousand (at least a thousand, I'm sure--it must be, at least) fine full breasts. The human child come to the city of the sun must swallow one or more of the fine full rich squirting breasts down into the... down into the... what should I say, down into...
- Q: The conception. Tell me about the conception.
- A: The children of dawn are stupid. They can't even tell time, or learn to violate themselves properly. The children of

dawn lie on their beds, and from out the aching void that some have the temerity to call sky, the furies rain down. Now let me tell you, the furies violate the ionosphere (enough to make it glow purple-red-orange), antagonize the stratosphere (the rains come tumbling down statues), cruelly use the demosphere (fear come down), feed into the red-hot tubes of the mind, rage against the plate, tiddle the Whetstone Bridge, cross the finest filament, grapple the grid, condense the wearying energy of the universe (two parallel plates so the rage comes up tight both positive and negative), resist the white hot electrons (turn from blue hot to red hot to not hot), finally, sweet Jesus, to rattle sweet Jesus the sounds against the paper cone of the mind.

- Q: You're lying on the bed.
- A: And from all over, from the corners of the minds of men, the gentle twitching of the ether in the blue lined, globe wall-papered room (blue and white) comes the inkling of another universe somewhere beyond the slash pine, the Okeefenokee, the bob-cats ahowling, the coon dogs awhimpering, the hoot owls ahowing.
- Q: There is not nothing.
- A: The pebbles of the mind are being tiddled by the smallest of waves.
- Q: Lonely?
- A: ... the smallest of waves.
- Q: Lonely?
- A: The pebbles of the mind. . . .
- Q: Describe the construction.
- A: ... the smallest of waves.
- Q: From over there an engineer man, Yakima? Yes, for Christ's sake, it was Yakima. There, and there the thunder and rub, sent from Philadelphia, Christ. And the wheels spin around, grind around the tape--from St. Louis. The speakerphone, the aromaphone of words--from Duesseldorf. A veritable United Nations of the sound media. The pots the pots not the pans the potentiometers from Bremen. Turn the grooves beneath a slight hanging point of potential current--from Osaka. Two tubes (the blue fit against the gold-sputtered plate the sky) from Camden, fifteen from Pittsburgh and one, the one, the final sound wrapping around twisting the single unamplified sound around the fine whisker of all-potential-no-kinetic, the praised Phasitron turning phases a darkling moon turning black to light: the phase from Kansas City. Kansas City for Christ's sake.
- A: It's no small union.
- Q: One big union. Wobbling over the plate the meter, needle run wild up against the hundred-point of wonder, and why, and God why not?
- A: The people.
- Q: Yes, the people.
- A: People come from miles around: O Lawd, the peoples come from under every throne and stone, no stone unturned, no throne unstoned--Christ the lonely people, where do they all come from. (Sing) All the lonely people, O, Aaall the loone-ly peee-pul. (Yeah) Where do they all come from. (Yeah) Us, yes: us the lonely people, where do they all come from. (Yeah): us the lonely people, where do we go from, to where, do we go, O, sing Ho. O.
- Q: O?
- A: It'll be the death of me; me lonely and all the people gone mad and lonely. But do you see (let me tell) this is a cohesion, Christ does the dark soundless sound (and the magnetic blue) need some sound to unite the poles of a civilization gone dying mad against the stainless steel edge of the universe. Do you see?
- Q: Do you see?
- A: A focus. . .
- Q: . . . bofus?
- A: . . . for the wrinkled edge of desire. Nothing turns colder than the dead wet of winter where the water comes up from below, and the bloated bodies rub against the gravelly shore. How pitiful the puffy bellies, the lidless eyes--not the eyes of Bodhildharma, turned two suns (the binary coasting endless around some common helix); rather the eyes of no-see-ums.

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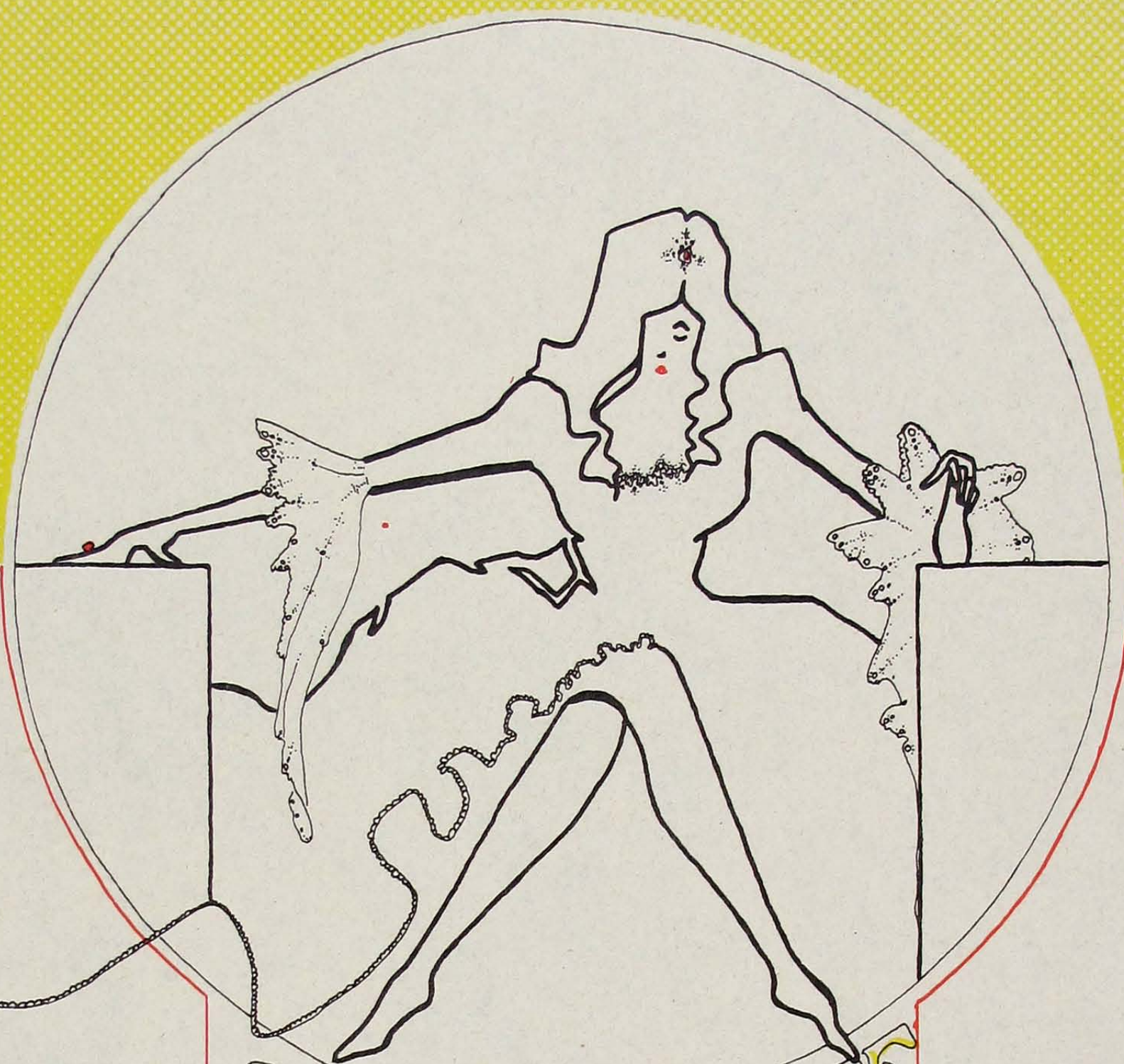






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